

A  
PINDARICK POEM 41  
ON THE HAPPY  
CORONATION  
*Of His most Sacred*  
MAJESTY  
JAMES II.  
AND  
His Illustrious Confort  
QUEEN MARY.

---

*By Mrs. B E H N.*

---



---

L O N D O N,  
Printed by J. Playford for Henry Playford, near the  
Temple-Church: 1685.

PINDARUS

OF THE

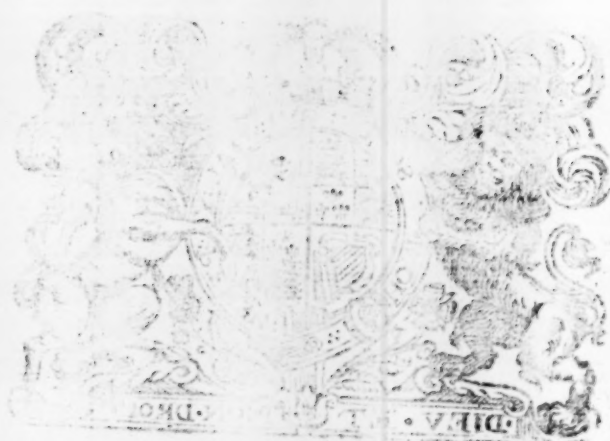
CONSTITUTION

M A T H E M A T I C S

J A M E S

OF THE

UNIVERSITY



L O N D O N

Printed by J. P. for J. P. in the City of London.

---

# A Pindarick Poem

## ON THE

# CORONATION.

---

## I.

**A** Rise my Muse ! Advance thy Mourning Head !  
 And cease lamenting for the Mighty Dead !  
 Quench all the Funeral Tapers in your Tears,  
 And as the fainting flames expire,  
 Let your soft falling Tides retire ;  
 While you behold the Prospect that appears  
 In the vast Glories of succeeding years !  
 Advance ! and throw thy sable weeds away !  
 And string thy Lyre for some Harmonious Lay,  
 Worthy the Celebration of this Mighty Day !  
 Come ye soft Angels all, and lend your aid,  
 Ye little Gods that run'd the Spheres,  
 That wanton'd, sung, and smil'd and play'd,  
 When the first World was by your Numbers made ;  
 And Danc'd to order by your Sacred Ays !  
 Such Heavenly Notes as Souls Divine can warm,  
 Such wond'rous touches as wou'd move  
 And teach the Blest to Sing and Love !  
 And even the Anger of a GOD wou'd Charm !  
 O Tune it high, and strike with bold success,  
 But sweet and gentle, every strain,  
 As that which once taught by the Charming Swain,  
 By its soft force the Spirit disposeth  
 From the great King and Prophets raging Breast.

## II.

Yet when thou woud'st the *Royal HERO* sing,  
 Thy *Godlike PATRON*, and thy *Godlike KING*!  
*Rough* as a *useful storm* make him appear!  
 Or as that welcome *Eastern Wind*,  
 By which th' *Almighty Pow'r* design'd  
 Th' *Egyptian Locust* from the Land to bear.  
*Resolv'd* as the *first Messenger* of Heav'n,  
 To whom the great Command was giv'n  
 The first *Born Rebels* to chastise;  
 Who, while the flaming *Sword* he bore,  
 'Twas only to declare his *Pow'r*,  
 And *unusurpt* maintain his *Paradise*.  
 Paint him like *Mars* when *Battails* were in view,  
 And no soft *Venus* cou'd his Soul *subdue*;  
 All bent for nobler *spoil* than *Beauties Charms*,  
 And loos'd a while from Sacred *LAURA's Arms*.  
*LAURA!* the Chast! the Pious! and the Fair!  
 Glorious, and kind as *Guardian-Angels* are,  
 Earths *darling Goddesses!* and Heav'ns *tend'rest care!*

## III.

But oh my *Muse*, when e're thou do'st presume  
 To touch on so *Divine a Theme*,  
 Let it be *Nature* all, thou do'st indite,  
 That those who read in *Ages distant* hence  
 May feel the very *Zeal* with which I write;  
 And by th' *unlabour'd Verse* be warm'd to tender sense:  
 That *future Lovers* when they hear,  
 Your *all-ador'd* and *wond'rous* character;  
 (For sure the mighty *LAURA's Name* will Live  
 As long as *Time* its self survive)  
 May find the *Holy Passions* you inspire,  
 Such *awful flame*, such *hopeless pain*,  
 Wander and trill through every trembling *Vein*;  
 And *Bless* the *Charmer* that *Creates* the *Fire!*  
 Bless the *soft Muse* that cou'd express  
*Beauty* and *Majesty* in such a dress,  
 As all the *World Adoring* shall confess!



Oh fond seducer of my Nobler part,  
 Thou soft insinuating Muse,  
 If ever inspiration did impart  
 The Soul of Musick or Poetick Art;  
 Teach me, oh teach me how to chuse  
 Fancy for so Divine a Theam, O thou enchanting Muse!

## IV.

The Glorious Ides of April now were come,  
 And Heav'n all open'd to survey  
 The Mighty Triumphs of the Blessed Day:  
 And Earth had dress'd her self in all her Bloom,  
 And sent abroad a universal joy!  
 Ten Thousand Angels fill'd the glittering Air;  
 And all was Harmony above,  
 O'er all the Azure plains the Golden Cherubs move;  
 And Seraphims were chanting every where,  
 Gay Robes of Light the young Divinities put on,  
 And spread their shining Locks to outvie the Sun.  
 On Pillows form'd of yielding Air they lye,  
 Plac'd in the mid-way Regions of the Sky;  
 On Fury Lutes and Silver Harps they play'd,  
 And gave the Sacred PAIR a Heav'nly Serenade:  
 Call'd forth the wond'ring Crowd, the Beaut'ous throng,  
 While all the Host of Heav'n attended on the Song.

## V.

Awake, Oh Royal Sir! Oh Queen, ador'd, awake!  
 For whom our Triumphs and our Songs we make;  
 The sleepless Crowds their early duties show,  
 Th' attending Hierarchies of Angels bow;  
 All Heav'n and Earth with one united joy  
 Expect the mighty business of this coming Day:  
 All Languish for its blest approach—but You,  
 You to whom Glory's can no Luster give,  
 Whose Beams, like the expanded Sun,  
 Adorn what e're they deign to shine upon;  
 But no exalt addition can receive.  
 Thou HERO of th' expecting world arise!  
 Shake off the downy pleasures from thy eyes;  
 And from the softest Charms of Love, Arise!  
 From joys too fierce for any sense but Thine,  
 Whose Soul, whose Faculty's are all Divine;

So Bodies when refin'd, all Heav'n survey,  
 While feebler Mortals faint with ev'ry ray :  
 O rise from the *enchanting Ravisher*,  
 Nor listen to the *Musick of Her Tongue* ;  
 Her *Angel Eyes*, and *Voice*, so *conqu'ring* are,  
 Love will make *humbler Glory* wait too long.

## VI.

And Thou bright Goddess of the Day !  
 For whom all longing Eyes and Hearts prepare ;  
 These tender panting, those soft Tears of Joy,  
 And with impatient Murm'ring fill the Air ;  
 O Charming Goddess of the Day appear !  
 Full of Thy *Blest Idea*, they disdain

A vulgar thought to entertain ;  
 Big with *Prophetick joy*, they lab'ring wait  
 To utter Blessings wonderful and great ;  
 This day no rough *Fatigues of Life* shall vex,  
 No more *Domestick Cares* the mind perplex ;  
 All common thoughts are lost in the vast crowd of Joy,  
 This *Jubilee* ! this *Sacred Holy-day* !  
 The Soul resolves for *Mirth and Play*.

She leaves all *Worldly thoughts* behind,  
 And in Her *hast* out-strips the wanton Wind ;  
 Wou'd ev'n her early vows neglect to pay,

But that to Heav'n you guide the way ;  
 When for *Your safety* all agree to Pray.

The *Poor Man* now forgets his *pressing needs*,  
 No *Penury* his exalted looks confess,  
 Neglects the *Body*, while the *Soul* he feeds  
 On *fancy'd pleasures* scarce arriv'd in *guess*.

No sad *Complaints* ascend the *Sky's*,  
 No *Nymphs* reproach'd in *Lovers sighs*,  
 Or *Maid forsaken*, bends her lovely eyes.

All with *erected Looks* salute the World !

None bow beneath the *Pressure* of a thought,  
 Unless where *Envy* has her *Vipers* hurl'd,  
 And raging *Malice* even to *Madness* wrought,  
 They hate the *Light* that guides the *work Divine* ;

And how'l and gnash their Teeth, and suffer Hell before their time.

The *Brave* are glad, and gay, the *young* rejoyce,

The *old* in *Prayers* and *Blessings* lift the *Voice* ;

*Virgins* the *wealth of Flow'ry April* bring,

And all the *Muses*, and the *Angels* sing !

Behold the *HERO* the blest Voice obeys;  
 And like the *God* of *Luster* gilds  
 With early Beams the Eastern Hills,  
 And by degrees th' adoring World surveys :  
 So the bright *Harness* he puts on,  
 And in his hand Divine he takes the *Reins*,  
 And with life-giving Rule the *God* maintains  
 The *Glorious Empire* of the Sun.  
 With ease he guides the fiery *Courfers* round,  
 And heat, and life, and light, do still abound ;  
 And all things smile and thrive that are in *Nature* found.  
 Now fiercer *Rays* of *Brightness* he assumes,  
 And ev'ry Minute do's enlarge his Beams ;  
 Till to the farthest Poles their *Influence* spread,  
 And scatter *Plenty* where his *Glory's* shed.  
 While all the guilty fantoms of the *Night*  
 Shrink from the Piercing terror of his *Light* !  
 Each coming vulgar-day, the *MONARCH* show'd,  
 But this more Sacred, views Him all a *GOD* !  
 New youth and vigor fill His *Royal Veins*,  
 His *Glorious Eyes* young flames adorn ;  
 A new *Divinity* in His looks, Proclames  
 That for *Eternal Empire* He was Born !  
 'Twas so He look'd in *Dunkirk's* bloody field,  
 When the dull faithless *Belgians* He compell'd ;  
 But when He saw th' ungrateful *British* Foe advance,  
 For whom even yet He had a tender sense,  
 Thus spoke ! (When, mounted like a Conquering God,  
 From Rank to Rank the wond'rous *Hero Rod* ! )  
 Before (said he) mixt Nations We withstood  
 Conquest, scarce worthy our expence of *Blood* ;  
 Like *Gallick onsets*, brisk at first they 'ppear,  
 But dare not trust the event of fiercer War :  
 'Twas play before, a game We smiling won,  
 Now 'twill be *Toyl*, and work, not easily done ;  
 My dear lov'd *Souldiers* these are *English Men* !  
 Who though they're forc'd to fly will turn agen ;  
 Stanch to the Scent of War, inur'd to *Blood* !  
 Oh happy, if the expensive flood  
 Had been defus'd for wretched *Englands* good !  
 New *Courage* to the fainting *Troops* He gave,  
 And by His great *Example* taught 'em to be *Brave* !

Wonders the *Promis'd Monarch* did perform,  
And dealt *Destruction* round like a resistless storm!

## VIII.

Nor did His *forward Gallantry* in War  
Surmount his *Clemency* in Peace,  
His *Captives* proudly their *soft Fetters* bear,  
And charm'd to an excess,  
Adore the wonders they beheld,  
And kiss the *Sacred Hand* that chast' em o're the field.  
His *early Courage* did His *Enemies* convince,  
Who now their *scorn'd Commissions* tear,  
No longer will the *Tyrants Ensigns* bear;  
But Vow *Allegiance* to their *Native Princes*.  
They saw the *God of War* in ev'ry Grace,  
While soft *Adonis* revell'd in His face;  
The Goddesses here, might all her wish enjoy,  
The rough stern *HERO*, in the *Charming Boy*!  
Such *Looks* as after *Victory* He put on,  
With such to day the Glitt'ring *MONARCH* shone;  
Such *Grace* in *Smiles*, such *sweetness* in address,  
Awfull as *Heav'n*, as easy of *Access*;  
And *Merciful* as that, when e'er he can redress!  
True *Representer* of the *Pow'rs Divine*!  
Such was the first *Born-Man*,  
Heav'n did for an immortal Race design,  
E're the first bright deluded *Maid*  
To sense of *Fear*, the *Lord of All* betray'd;  
So look'd the new-form'd wonder, so His *Reign* began!  
So the gay *Beauties* of His *World* survey'd,  
While *Heav'n* look'd down and smil'd, well-pleas'd with what 't had made.

## IX.

See the bright *QUEEN* forsakes her foster joys,  
And now prepares for *Pomp* and *Noise*;  
That necessary *Toyl* of the *Illustrious Great*!  
Who rarely taste the *Bliss* of sweet *Retreat*,  
Like *Heav'n* who neither *sleep* nor *slumber* knows,  
Short *Dreams* of *Glory* make their whole repose:  
Whatever rest soft *Nature* do's design,  
The *Sun*, and *They*, must still appear and shine!  
And now, the more surprising *Light*  
Breaks from the silent *Empire* of the *Night*;

So



So *Venus* look't when from the Seas  
 The rising Beauty view'd the world,  
 When amorous Waves around the Virgin curl'd ;  
 And all the wond'ring Gods with awful pleasure gaz'd :  
 All sigh with Love ! all languish in their flame,  
 Yet none his pain presumes to name ;  
 For oh ! the God-born Maid from mighty Neptune came.

## X.

And now the *Nymphs* ply all their Female arts  
 To dress Her for Her victory of hearts ;  
 A Thousand little *LOVES* descend !  
 Young waiting *Cupids* with officious care  
 In smiling order all attend :  
 This, decks Her Snowy Neck, and that Her Ebon Hair.  
 The Trophies which the Conqueress must adorn,  
 Are by the busie wantons born ;  
 Who at Her Feet the shining burdens lay,  
 The GODDESS pleas'd to see their Toys,  
 Scatters Ten Thousand Graces from Her Smiles ;  
 While the wing'd Boys catch ev'ry flying Ray.  
 This bears the valu'd Treasure of the East,  
 And lugs the Golden casket on His Breast ;  
 Another's little hand sustains  
 The weight of Oriental Chains ;  
 And in the flowing jetty curls  
 They weave and braid the luced Pearls ;  
 Round Her bright Face their nimble fingers play,  
 And ev'ry touch gives the young Gods a joy !  
 They gaze and hov'r round Her wond'rous Eyes ;  
 Where a vast Heav'n of Wit and Beauty lies ;  
 They point their Darts, and make their Arrows fine,  
 From the eternal Rays with which they shine ;  
 From Her fair rising Breasts soft sighs they take,  
 To keep young tortur'd Lovers still awake.  
 From ev'ry Charm and Grace they bear,  
 Uneasie wishes, and despair ;  
 From Her alone the Bankrupt *LOVES* supply,  
 Their rifl'd Quivers with Artillery.  
 Fatal to All but Her Lov'd-Monarchs heart,  
 Who of the same Divine Materials wrought ;  
 Cou'd equally exchange the dart,  
 Receive the wound with Life, with Life the wound impart ;  
 And mixt the Soul as gently as the thought :



So the Great THUND'ER Semele d'stroy'd,  
Whil'st only JUNO cou'd embrace the God!

## XI.

Behold Her now by Loves and Graces drest!  
Like the Great Wife of Jove in Venus Cest;  
Now She may ask whate're the God can grant,  
If ought of Pow'r, or Glory, She can want;  
But Heav'n has superseded all Her care,  
And giv'n till it has left no use for Pray'r.  
No wish for Times swift Coursers to run back,  
To catch one flying minute past;  
The coming hours, new pleasures hast;  
Fortune and Nature still agree to make  
Each present minute gayer than the last:  
This gives you Empire! while Three Nations pay  
Their willing homage to your Scepters sway.  
That gives you Beauty! which without the aid  
Of feebl'r pow'r, Commands and is obey'd!  
Bewitching youth do's over all appear,  
So Flow'rs just blown, their noblest Luster shew,  
When shining in their Morning dew;  
All their fresh Fragrances they wear.  
Almighty Wit and Vertue! Crowns the whole,  
In ev'ry look and Feature of your Face,  
We may the well-known Excellencies Trace  
Of your Diviner Soul!  
Though the soft Musick of your Words shou'd cease,  
Your Charming Eyes wou'd Your great Thoughts confess!  
Oh Blest are they that may at distance gaze,  
And Inspirations from Your looks may take,  
But how much more their happier Stars they Praise,  
Who wait, and listen when you speak!  
Mine for no scant'd blifs so much I blame,  
(Though they the humblest Portion destin'd me)  
As when they skint my noblest Aim,  
And by a silent dull obscurity  
Set me at distance, much too far  
The Deity to view, or Divine Oracle to hear!  
So when the Israelites all wond'ring stood,  
With awful Rev'ence in the vale beneath,  
They saw from far the Glory's of the God;  
But to approach the Sacred Mount was Death!

His *Diſtates* by the *Holy Prophet* came,  
 'Twas He alone that did the pow'r receive,  
 To bear th' *ALMIGHTY*'s voice and live;  
 It was enough for them below to view the Heav'nly flame.

## XII.

Not the gay feather'd Chanters of the Air  
 With earlier Songs salute the breaking Day,  
 Than crowding *Hero's*, who to Court repair,  
 Do hail, and bleſs the Kingdoms *Hope* and *Joy*!  
 And now the gilded Barges wait  
 The coming of th' *Illuſtrious Freight*;  
 So Rich a Prize no Veſſel bleſt before,  
 But that which the *Almighty SAVIOUR* bore!  
 Their Golden Streamers glitter in the Air,  
 And ruſt'd by the ſofter Wind,  
 (That plays and wantons unconfin'd)  
 They gently waſt the Worlds *Petaliar Care*.  
 The ſullen Sea-Gods wond'ring riſe,  
 Rous'd by the joyful ſhouts and cry's;  
 Which from the crowded ſhores aſcend the Sky's.  
 They ſhake Their Tridents and the Waves obey,  
 Drefs their *Blew Locks* and flounce along the Sea,  
 To pay their Tributes to the *Greater DEITY*:  
 Him, whom ſo oft with wonder they beheld,  
 With ſlaughter dye the verdant watry field;  
 When o're the wild inſatiate flood,  
 He darted Thunder like an *Angry God*!  
 While round Him *Death* in horrid Triumph lay,  
 Where ſtorms of winged ruine forc'd their way.  
 Yet ſtill the ſaving Angel guarded Him;  
 The Bloody Signets which He wore  
 Made the *Avenger* paſs the ſacred Dore,  
 And ſtill *Preſerv'd* the faithful gueſt within.  
 Oh had that Senate, whoſe *Ingratitude*  
 The *ROYAL HEIR* endeavour'd to Exclude;  
 Beheld His ſingle wonders of that Day,  
 When o're the liquid Plain He cut His way;  
 Through ſhow'rs of *Death* and Clouds of dark'ning ſmoke,  
 Like fatal *Light'ning* the fierce *Victor* broke,  
 And kill'd, where e're He daſt th' *unerring ſtroke*;  
 Inſtead of *Votes* againſt His *Right* and *Fame*,  
 They'd rais'd *Eternal Altars* to His *Name*!

Ador'd

Ador'd Him as a thing Divine,  
 And made a *God* of Him before His time !  
 But *they* Heav'ns mightiest Blessing did *disown*,  
 And strove (oh *base* reward ! ) in vain to blast His NAVAL CROWN.

## XIII.

The *Tritans* from the *Marvels* which they saw,  
 Did *Omens* of their *Future* homage draw ;  
 They in the *HERO* view'd their coming KING,  
 And from Their *wonder* fell to *Worshipping*.  
 And what before was to the victor due ,  
 They to the Monarch doubly here renew.  
 The *River Nymphs* forsake their native streams,  
 And make their Court to happier *Thames* ;  
 Their Pipes of Reeds and shelly Musick bring,  
 The *Tritons* play, while the young *Naiads* sing ;  
 And all the listening shore along ,  
 Of *Jove* ! and *Juno* ! was their Song.  
 Which oftentimes they did rehearse,  
 And *Iô* peans Crown'd the Verse !

## XIV.

*Jove* for whom our *Alters* smoke ,  
*Jove*, whom *Gods* and *Men* invoke ;  
 By whose sole power the laughing year  
 Rouls round the gilded *Hemisphere* ;  
 Who do'st its easie paces move ,  
 By the soft rule of *Peace* and *Love* :  
 Accept what we thy watery Subjects bring,  
 Oaken *Garlands* for our King,  
 Ever *Green* and *flourishing* !  
 Which Thy *Empire* shall *Proclaim*  
 O're the *Tributary* Main ;  
 See the *Triumphant* wreath's are drest  
 With all the shining *Trophies* of the *East* ;  
 Such as remotest shores afford ,  
 With which they own and greet their Lord ;  
 By this gay tenure 'tis they hold  
 Their *Rocks* of *Diamonds*, and their *Hills* of *Gold* :  
 And thus acknowledge thus we pay  
 Great *Jove* ! on this Thy solemn *Holy-day*.

## XV.

## XV.

But what at Sacred Juno's feet  
 Shall the Adoring Nymphs present ?  
 Juno charming, chaste and sweet,  
 The refuge of the Innocent :  
 The business of our pious Theames,  
 Our waking Bliss, our joy in Dreams ;  
 The President of Vertuous Wives,  
 The bright example of the fair,  
 Whence Virgins learn their modest lives,  
 And Saints their pure Devotion there ;  
 And all the Goddesses of less degree  
 Take a peculiar Majesty.  
 The humble softness of a mortal mind,  
 (Where all the Graces are confin'd)  
 With every Grandure of a Deity,  
 The noblest Songs from you their Beauties take,  
 Divinely you restore our fainting skill,  
 Inspire the chaste and flaming quill,  
 Teach Poets how to sing ! and Angels how to speak !  
 Oh what to Juno shall we pay  
 On this Her solemn Holy day !

## XVI.

Ten Thousand Garlands from the stores  
 Of flowry Aromatick shores ;  
 With shining Colours newly born,  
 All blooming Beauties of the Morn !  
 Gather'd before the Delphick God,  
 Or the soft Wind that gently breaths,  
 Had kist the tender Virgin Bud,  
 Had robb'd the sweetness from their leaves ;  
 In mystick order these shall spread  
 The hollow'd ground, where Thou shalt tread ;  
 And shed their Infant Odours round Thy Sacred head :  
 Ten Thousand Hearts all with soft wishes fill'd,  
 Chaste as Thy Bosom, pure as is Thy Fame,  
 Ten Thousand Vows from Souls that yield  
 Eternal Adorations to Thy Name !  
 Let the contending Merchant strive  
 For Indian Pearls and Western Ore,  
 Those rassist Toys by which They thrive,  
 And sell their fasties on the shore ;



Unvalu'd trifles to a Power Divine,  
 To whom a wounded Heart is more  
 Than all the Ransackt World has laid before  
 Upon the Worshipt Shrine!  
 These are the Tributes we devoutly pay  
 Great Juno on Her solemn Holy-day.

## XVII.

While thus the Ravisht Nerieds Sung  
 The Echoes from the crowded shore,  
 Repeated the glad Musick o're;  
 And all the Banks with Acclamations rung,  
 Like well-run'd Vollies with united Peals:  
 Which after rattle in the distant Sky,  
 Long live our Sacred King and Queen! they cry,  
 And all the vacant round with joyful murmur fills,  
 Repeating still the grateful noise  
 As fast as e're they could recharge the Voice;  
 The different shoutings of the Throng,  
 The Female Treble, and the Manly Base,  
 The dead flat Notes of the declining race;  
 Tun'd to the sharp ones of the young,  
 Compleats the noblest Musick of the Day:  
 And though each bore a different part,  
 'Twas all one Voice, and one united Heart,  
 Rejoyc'd, and blest the Monarch all the way.

## XVIII.

Here let the Royal Pair a while repose  
 Oh thou impatient Muse!  
 Though loth as are my Eyes the bliss to lose;  
 Who never yet could satisfie their sight,  
 Which do's new life infuse,  
 When ever they repeat the true delight.  
 How oft, how silently, alas!  
 I glide, and hover round the awful place,  
 Like Fantoms, where their hidden Treasure lies;  
 Or hoping Lovers who at distance gaze,  
 And watch the tender Moments of their Mistress Eyes.  
 How e're I toil for Life all day,  
 With what e're cares my Soul's oppress'd,  
 Tis in that Sun-shine still I play,  
 Tis there my wearied Mind's at rest;

But



But oh *Vicissitudes* of Night must come  
Between the rising Glories of the Sun!

## XIX.

And now the *Royal Robes* are on,  
But oh! what numbers can express  
The Glory of the Sacred Drels!  
Not the gay *Planet*, when he's hasting down,  
Flowing and ruddy to his *Thetis* Bed,  
And guilds the Sky with dazling Red:  
Nor the soft Rays of new-born Light,  
Or Heav'n in fancy e're was form'd so bright.  
And now a vast Illustrious Train of Stars  
Declares, great *CINTHIA* first appears;  
Those Stars who rule the Fortune, and the Fate;  
Of all the Amorous, Brave, and Great:  
For what e're Merit *Nature* gives,  
'Tis by their influence alone it thrives;  
So sparkling and so fair a Train,  
Did ne're attend the Goddesses o're the Aerial Plain;  
The Conqu'ring Nymphs and Hero's there;  
The Graces and the Worthy's mingled were;  
Each would a noble Song require,  
But I have Tun'd my joyful Lyre  
Only for *Royal Theams*;  
And the kind Flatterer soothes my heart,  
And will no trembling Note impart  
To any Musick, but the Charming Names  
Of Sacred *LAURA*! Sacred *JAMES*.

## XX.

She Comes———  
Behold the Badge of Peace and Innocence!  
The Ivory Scepter is in Triumph born,  
So do's the Milky way advance  
Before the Rising Morn;  
A *Hero* more than half a God,  
Whom all the Graces and the Charms Adorn;  
Whom ev'ry Muse, and Vertue do's inspire,  
Whom all the Witty, Great, and Good, admire,  
Supports the awful Mystick Rod:  
*DORSET*, whose Eyes with all the Beauties shone,  
Which he in Love, and in *Success* puts on.

A careless

A careless Grandure, and a Generous Air,  
Did over all the Lord of Hearts appear,  
Eternal softness, and Eternal Wit :  
His looks made good to day, all he e're spoke or Write.

XXI.

The Golden Scepter noble RUTLAND bore,  
In whose rich Veins the Royal Purple Springs  
From mighty YORK ! whose conqu'ring Arms of yore  
Could sway the Fortunes, and the Fates of Kings :  
Still to the juster side they brought their Swords,  
And many a Glorious field the wond'rous Name Records.

Next view a Hero in His proper Sphere,  
While BEAUFORD do's the Sacred Circle bear ,  
A Prince ! whom Heav'n and Nature form'd to move  
The ill-manner'd World to Reverence, and to Love.  
A Prince ! so truly brave, so greatly good,  
That when in after Ages Men would Fame,  
Some future Hero with the Noblest Name,  
Whose constant Loyalty undaunted stood,  
Preserv'd it self in its divinest forms  
Amidst a Thousand meeting Storms ;  
A second BEAUFORD's Name the youth shall Crown,  
And over pay His Glory and Renown.

XXII.

And now loud Admirations fill the space,  
And Hearts with nimbler Motions beat,  
Behold the QUEEN the Raptur'd Crowds repeat !  
She comes ! She comes with a Triumphant Grace,  
And all Heav'n opens in her Angel Face ;  
Bright were Her Beams, and all around they Shone,  
And darted awful Fire to all the lookers on ;  
So heedless Lovers do with CUPIDS play  
'Till the Boys shoot and spoil their fancy'd Joy :  
Thus all adorn'd with Sacred Beauty's Charms  
Through the vast Christian Camp the fair INCHANTRESS Rode,  
And where the noblest Warriors wond'ring stood,  
Her killing eyes dealt their resiltless harms ;  
Through the rough Male the subtle Lightning plaid,  
And the stern Heart to tenderness betray'd :

Her

Her Love-drawn Chariot mov'd with solemn State,  
 While round it the adoring Princes wait,  
 With Sigh and Vows Petitioning their Fate ;  
 But with this difference, while that Charmer strove  
 To take Revenge ! in the soft snares of Love,  
 Ours, all Divine ! by chance her Beauty's hurl'd,  
 And has without design subdu'd the World ;  
 But oh ! in vain is any likeness made,  
 'Tis Copying of the Day ! by Gloom and Shade.  
 The wonder that the PROPHET did unfold,  
 When Heav'n in Revelation he survey'd,  
 And the Bright WOMAN did behold  
 In wond'rous Garments of the SUN Aray'd,  
 And underneath her feet the Moon subdu'd,  
 At this Divine Appearance seem'd renew'd.

## XXIII.

A NYMPH the fairest ever shin'd in Courts,  
 NORFOLK the Generous, Gay, and Great,  
 To whom each Muse officiously resorts,  
 And with their Songs their Patron Mistress Greet ;  
 To make the Illustrious Train complear ;  
 The Sacred ROBE supports.  
 Aided by young DIANA's all as fair  
 As the coy Maid the amorous GOD pursu'd,  
 As Chast as she, as unsubdu'd ;  
 Unsoyl'd even by the wanton wisp'ring Air.  
 No guilty though had ever spread  
 Their lovely Virgin Cheeks with Red,  
 No Lovers Sighs had blown the blushes there,  
 For all their Roses in the Bud appear.

## XXIV.

And now the ravish'd People shout a new !  
 Their KING ! their dear-lov'd MONARCH is in view ;  
 The constant AYLESBURY and the Loyal GRAY,  
 Prepare the mighty Way.  
 This bears the Marshal Staff, and that the Spur,  
 Of blest Saint EDWARD, KING and CONFESSOR.  
 To whom Heav'n first the Mystery did unfold,  
 By Sacred Touches, and by Hollow'd Gold,  
 To heal that else incurable Disease  
 That poses Art, and baffles all the Wise.

The faithful PETERBOROW, whose unmatched zeal,  
 Pursu'd his Suffering Princes adverse Fate,  
 When Furious Malice that out-acted Hell,  
 Drove the submitting Exile to a Foreign State ;

Deserv'd the Glory which that day he wore,  
And dares defend the Treasure that he bore.

[Sceyner.]

**PEMBROOK!** the thoughtful **PEMBROOK** next surveys,  
All form'd for *Victory* and *Love*,  
In whose fine *Eyes* a *Thousand Graces* move,  
And little *fighting Gods* around him play,  
Who watch each melancholy look, and bear  
The pointed *Ruin* to some gazing fair.  
His hand the **SWORD** adorn'd with equal Grace,  
As Wit his softer *Tongue*, or *Love* his conqu'ring *Face*.

Great **DARBI**, and the long-fam'd **SHREWSBURY**,  
Whose happleſs *Sires* in bright **Allegiance** shone,  
With *Toyl*, and *Wounds*, and many a *Victory*,  
Such *Trophies* for their *Heirs* have wonne,  
As this days *Triumphs* do their *Fames* reward,  
The Pointed and more Honour'd **Broken SWORD**.

**OXFORD** the *Brave*, whose unexampl'd *Name*,  
Was never tainted with *Rebellious Crimes*,  
But 'mongst the vast *Records* of deeds and times,  
Remains unblemish'd in the *Book of Fame* :  
Justly that **Sword** of State in *Peace* he ought to bear,  
Who knows so Nobly how to manage it in *War*.

## XXV.

Upon the *Royal Charge* two *Princes* wait,  
Young **GRAFTON**, the *Illustrious* and the *Great*,  
*England's High Constable*, for this bleſt *Day*,  
Too large a *Power* to bear a longer *Sway*.  
Beneath this *Change*, ah! sigh not *Royal Youth*,  
Thy blooming *Vertues* still will rise and *Live* ;  
As *Flowers* transplanted better thrive,  
And mend their *Luster*, and their *growth* ;  
Securely thou may'st shine beneath this *Sun*,  
And in the *Path of Honour* thou'st begun,  
May'st a long *Race*, of lasting *Glories* run :  
Remaining as thou art, *brave*, *Loyal*, *true*,  
Thou, in thy **KING**, will find the **FATHER** too.

**NORFOLK!** the greatest *Subject*, and the best,  
Whose *Loyalty* indur'd the utmost test ;  
A **PRINCE!** whose *Glorious Name* has stood,  
Belov'd at home, ador'd abroad :  
Stedfast in all the *Vertues* of the *Brave*,  
And to no *Vices* of the *Great* a slave ;  
True to his **KING**, his *Honour*, and his *Word*,  
**MÆCENA** of my *Muse*, my *Patron Lord*.

Great.



## XXVI.

Great *ORMOND* ! whom no time or Age can bow ;  
 But on his awful Reverend brow,  
 Serenely as the *Summer* of his years,  
 Before the *Autumn* blasts bereaves  
 The goodly *Ceder* of his youthful *Leaves*,  
 Full blown, not fading, still appears.  
 Who to *Command*, and to obey,  
 For a long *Race* of years has show'd the noblest way ;  
 Brave in the *Field*, in *Council* Wise,  
 Stedfast in *Loyalty*, in *Honour* nice ;  
 Gracious in *Power*, unruff'd in a *Storm*,  
 Humble in *Court*, and *Glorious* in a *Calm* :  
 This *Day*, the Sacred *Diadem* he bore,  
 Whose dear defence so long had been his care,  
 That *Diadem* that Grac'd his hand before,  
 Whose *Right*, so oft he did assert in *War*.

Great *SOMERSET*, that Name of high Renown,  
 Allied to *Kings*, though not of *Kingly Race*,  
 Guarded the Worlds great *Treasure*, *Englands Crown* ;  
 While the Worlds *Emblim* did the *Hero Grace* ;  
 His *Youth* and *Beauty* did Adorn his *State*,  
 And the young *Atlas* smil'd beneath his *Glorious weight* :  
 The n're to be forgotten *ALBEMARLE*,  
 Whose Name shall last when *Nature* is no more,  
 That Name, that did lost *Britain's Joy* restore ;  
 Its *Worship'd Champion* and its *General*.  
 The second *Guardian* of the *CROWN* was made,  
 And in his hand to day the *Peaceful SCEPTER* sway'd ;  
 The true-born *English Bravery* of whose mind,  
 His *Native Loyalty*, and *intrinick worth*,  
 Shows him of that *Diviner kind*,  
 When *Demi-Gods* with *Mortals* joyn'd,  
 And brought the *first-born Race* of *Hero's* forth.

## XXVII.

And now, the *Earthly GOD* appears in view,  
 While the glad *Crowd* their lowder *shouts* renew,  
 Wild with their joy, even rudly they express  
 Its vast concern, its vast excess !  
 All stretch themselves beyond their native height,  
 At more advantage to behold the *Sight* ;  
 That Sacred sight ! which though each day we view,  
 'Tis every day all *Charming*, *Dear* and *New* !  
 So on *Olympus* top the *GOD* appears,  
 When of his *Thunder* he disarms,  
 And all his *atributes* of *mercy* wears  
 The sweetness of *Divine forgiving Charms*.

With



With Smiles he casts His *Gracious* Eyes around,  
 Inspiring FAITH from ev'ry look and *Grace*,  
 No Soul so dull to humane *sense* was found  
 As not to read its *safety* in His *Face*.

Where *Fortitude* and *Bravery* late  
 In solemn Triumph over *Fate*,  
 Where *Truth* in all her *honest* Glory shin'd,  
 That darling *vertue* of His *Godlike* mind;  
 So well His *looks*, and *Soul* accord,  
 The kind *Confirmers* do confess  
 How like a *King*! he does profess,  
 How like a *GOD*! maintain His *Word*.

O ye fond hapless unbelieving few,  
 Ye *Obstinate*, ye *Stubborn*, *stiff-neck'd* crew;  
 Who love your fears of *insecurity*;  
 And have like *Witches*, your infection hurl'd,  
 To torture and *disease* the *World*;  
 Come and be cur'd of your blind *Sorcery*,  
 That *Hell-born* *Malice*, that you have express'd,  
 And *Damn'd* your selves meerly to *Damn* the rest;  
 You, whom no *word* of *King*, or *GOD*! can calm,  
 But wrest 'em both to your convenient *sense*,

Who like *Land Pirates* bless the *Storm*,  
 When the rich *Ship-wreck* proves your *recompence*.  
 By different *Kings* your *Vertues* have been try'd,  
 The *Pious*, *Peaceful*, and the *Brave* were given,  
 But still that *Hypocrite* (*self-interest*) sway'd,  
 And you *dislik'd* because the choice of *Heav'n*!  
 So the fond *Jews* their *Faithless* murmurings show'd,  
*Rebell'd* for *change*, though *Govern'd* by their *GOD*.

As a bright *Evening* Crowns a *Glorious Day*,  
 NORTHUMBERLAND brought up the *Reer*,  
 NORTHUMBERLAND the *Lovely*, *Young*, and *Gay*,  
 Blest by the *Crowds*, and to the *Souldiers* dear;  
 A charming *Youth* of *Royal Race*,  
 His *God-like* *Father* pictur'd in his *face*,  
 With a soft mixture of his *Beautious* *Mothers* *Grace*.

## XXVIII.

Thus the great charge they to the *Temple* bring  
 There, not to *make*, but to *confirm* the *King*!  
 So the *Triumphant Ark* with *Songs* was *born*,  
 And *sanctify'd* the place it did *Adorn*!  
 And Lo———

The opening *Scene* of the third *Heav'n* appears,  
 Where *Glory* sits *Enthron'd* above the *Stars*;

Where

Where no faint *Mortal* object meets the *Eye*,  
 But ev'ry where 'tis all *Divine*,  
 All Raptur'd Joy! all perfect *Extasie*;  
 Where *Angels* and *Dominions* joyn,  
 Where *Principalities* and *Powers* combine,  
 And round the Sacred *Throne* in wond'rous order *shine*,  
 Where every *sense* receives the full *delight*;  
 Seraphic Musick Charms the *Ear*;  
 The *Eyes* are Ravisht with incessant *Light*,  
 And Hallow'd *Incese* fills the perfum'd *Air*,  
 The *Soul* with Noblest touches blest,  
 Disdains the scanty confines of the *breast*,  
 And flatterers where emence *Glories* play,  
 And greedily it feeds on *Heav'nly* joy!

## XXIX.

Mistaken *School-men*, you who vainly strive  
 Just Notions of *Eternal Bliss* to give,  
 By dull comparison with *things* below,  
*Saphers*, and *Diamonds*, *Chrystal Gold*, and *Light*;  
 By lessening *Objects*, *time*, and *pains* bestow  
 To *Paint*, what cannot be conceiv'd by *sight*.  
 Henceforth the Sacred *Mansion* to display,  
 (And tell us what you *mean*, by what ye *say*)  
 Describe Great *JAMES*, and *LAURIA's* Coronation *Day*!  
 Tell, how they fate *Enthron'd* with Rays of *light*,  
 What *Hosts* of *Angels* did Adore the *sight*.  
 Describe the *Hallelujah's* of the *Crowd*,  
 VVhen thrice with joyful *cries* they gave *Assent* aloud:  
 Tell, how the awful *MONARCH* Mounted stood,  
 And by the best of *Mortals* make us guess the *G O D*.  
 Tell us, that so Mount *SINAI's* top He blest,  
 VVhen to his *People* he dispene'd the *Law*,  
 VVhen shining *Glories* all the *God-head* drest,  
 And all below ador'd the wonder that they *Saw*!  
 And when the *Ministering Powers* yea would express,  
 Describe the Reverend *Clergy* in *Pontifick* drest.  
 And who would tell us how th' *Almighty* speaks;  
 When *Angels* bow with awful list'ning down!  
 From *Ely's* *Sermon*, the best *Rhetorick* takes;  
*Ely*, that Ornament of the still *Loyal Gown*:  
 And when *Heav'n's* brightness ye would make appear,  
 Behold the *QUEEN*, and copy it all from *Her*.

## XXX.

All *Hail*! thou born of more than *Kingly Race*,  
*Monarchs* and *Poets* did thy *Lineage* Grace!

At once the *Crown* and *Laurel* drest,  
 The *Royal Family* of *ESST*.  
 Great *ARISTO* from *Thy Race* did spring,  
 That taught his *Hero's* how to *Love* and *Sing*!  
 May all the *Jays* *Triumphant Beauties* Bless,  
 And all *Chast Lovers* fancy in *Success* :  
 May all the *Glory* that on *Empires* wait,  
 With ev'ry quiet of *retreat*,  
 Crown your soft *hours*, and be in *Heav'n* confirm'd,  
 While to secure you *Blest*, the adoring *Worlds* concern'd.  
 Great *Prince* of *wonders*, and welcome to that *Throne*,  
 Both to Your *Vertues*, and Your *Sufferings* due;  
 By *Heav'n* and *Birth-right*, all Your own,  
 You shar'd the *Danger*, share the *Glory* too;  
 Whom *Providence*, (by *Numerous Miracles* wrought),  
 Through all the mazes of *Misfortunes* brought !  
 You mount the unruly *World* with easie force,  
 Reward with joy, but Punish with remorse;  
 The wanton *Beast* *Restive* with ease has lain,  
 And 'gainst the *Rider* lifts the sawcy *heel* ;  
 But now a skillful hand assumes the *Rein*,  
 He do's the *experienc'd Conquerour* feel,  
 And finds his head-strong *Disobedience* vain,  
 Proud of his *Glorious* load, he *leaps*, and *bounds*  
 Becomes the *Beauty* of the neighbouring *Plains*;  
 New *Life* and new *Activity* he gains,  
 And through the *Groves* his cheerful *Neigh* resounds ;  
 Lives *Glad* and *Gay*, beneath that *Generous Rule*  
 That ne're will let his *useful Mettle* cool.

## F I N I S.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A Pindarick on the Death of our late Sovereign, with an Ancient Prophecy on His Present Majesty. Written by Mrs. Behn.

A Poem Humbly Dedicated to Her Sacred Majesty Catherine Queen Dowager, on the Death of her dear Lord and Husband King CHARLES the Second, by Mrs. Behn.

A Pindarick Ode on the Sacred Memory of our Late Gracious Sovereign King CHARLES the Second: To which is added another Essay on the same occasion, by Sir F. F. Knight of the Bath.

THE Vision: A Pindarick Ode: Occasion'd by the Death of our Late Sovereign King CHARLES the Second, by Edm. Arwaker, M. A.  
 The second Part of the Vision, a Pindarick Poem on the Coronation, by Edm. Arw.

A Poem on the Sacred Memory of our late Sovereign: with a Congratulation to his Present Majesty. Written by Mr. Tate.

The Elegies are sold single or in one Volume by Henry Playford near the Temple-Church.